

Good Morning 389

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HE MUST NOT LEAVE U.K. Greatest Derbies Ever

Chancellor on the Woolsack

THE Lord Chancellor presides at the debates of the House of Lords as the Speaker presides in the Commons, but there are important and interesting differences in procedure. In the Commons, a member addresses himself always to "Mr. Speaker," but in the Lords, a peer addresses himself to the other members, beginning "My Lords."

The Speaker never takes part in any debate, never shows any partiality for either side, but in the Lords, the Chancellor may, and often does, take part in the debates. He is appointed by the Government and is one of the

most important members of the Cabinet.

Since the Woolsack, the Lord Chancellor's seat in the Lords, is technically outside the chamber, when he rises to take part in a debate, he moves a little away from it. He is speaking "from his own place as a peer" and not as the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack.

When the Lord Chancellor is acting as "chairman," for instance, in putting a motion to the House, he does not move away, but stands directly in front of the Woolsack.

The Speaker is responsible in the Commons for deciding all points of order, decides which Members shall speak, and is generally in control of the House. The Lord Chancellor has no such powers. As far as decorum is concerned, the debates in the Lords are much less heated and the

need for "discipline" rarely arises.

When it does, any peer may put the motion that the Standing Order relating to the matter be read by the Clerk. If two peers rise together to speak and neither will give way, not the Lord Chancellor, but the whole House decide which shall have precedence. In actual practice, the Whips now arrange in an important debate the order of speaking.

On points of order, and so on, the rights of the Lord Chancellor are exactly the same as any other peer, for all peers are considered equal.

But the Lord Chancellor is an exceedingly important person. As Keeper of the Great Seal, he is not allowed to leave the Kingdom. He must attend all sittings of the House of Lords—his sittings are much shorter than those of the Commons.

And as head of the Law and the whole judicial system, he has, at least theoretically, immense power and patronage. He receives a salary of £10,000 a year, half as Lord Chancellor and half as Speaker of the House of Lords, and a pension of £5,000 on retirement.

The Lord Chancellor, unlike the Speaker of the House of Commons, gives his vote in divisions, but instead of passing into the division lobbies like the other peers, he gives it from his place, stating whether he is "content" or "not content." The Speaker of the Commons votes only when there is a tie. A tie in the Lords means that matters are as they were before.

The Lord Chancellor as the highest legal authority in the land, sits with the Law Lords to hear appeals from the lower courts. Theoretically, the appeal is heard by the whole House of Lords, but in practice only by the Law Lords.

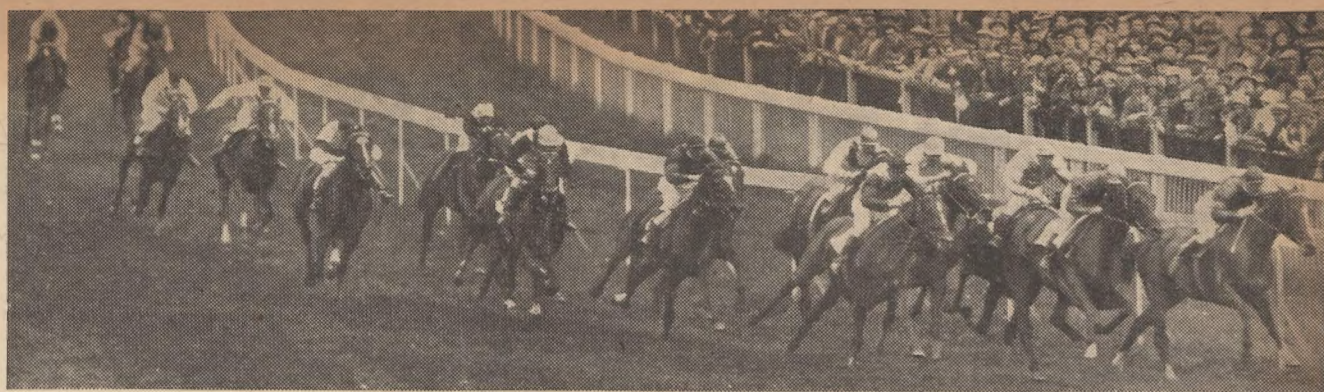
They are addressed from the Bar by Counsel and the Lord Chancellor delivers his judgment sitting on the Woolsack. He speaks not to the parties in the case, but to "My Lords" as in debate. He is followed by the other Law Lords who have heard the appeal and then puts the motion, just as if a bill were being considered.

"The question is that this appeal be dismissed. . . . As many as are of that opinion will say 'Content'; of the contrary opinion, 'Not Content.'" Then he adds, "The Contents have it," or whatever it may be.

Lord Chancellors are almost invariably men of great learning, great character and great industry who have made their mark in the Commons and have gained the confidence not only of the country, but also of the legal profession. They bring to the Woolsack a great reputation and many there enhance it by great judgments.

J. M. Michaelson

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



WHEN I recall the fortunes I have seen made in racing—and think of the money I have made myself—aye, and the money I have lost—I could take a header from the grandstand . . . and still come up smiling.

Imagine how I felt, for instance, that Derby Day when I turned £10 into £1,000.

"I'll have ten pounds to win on Signorinetta," said I. It was one of the luckiest chances I ever took in my life. Signorinetta, an unknown horse, owned by an obscure Italian so short of money that he did nearly all his own stable work, romped home at 100 to 1!

When the outsider drew ahead of the three firm favourites of that year—two owned by American millionaires and one by the King—the crowd fell to dead silence. Only the bookies whooped.

A FRIEND of mine made at least half-a-dozen fortunes out of the great Epsom event. For three years in succession his horses were winners, backed for the utmost he could afford.

When St. Giles cantered home he took £60,000, and another £90,000 the following year. With Andover, his third win, he was said to have won £300,000 in wagers, but was able to obtain payment of only about £90,000.

For years she had presented her owner with either dead or useless foals. Then one day she was being led down the road when she met Chalereux, a comparatively unknown horse. The two whinnied to one another, the owner matched them, and Signorinetta was the result.

Everyone thought her victory a tremendous fluke, but when she won the Oaks as well two days later—at incredibly shortened odds!—there remained nothing more to be said.

The favourite wins, on an average, only one Derby in three, and fantastic winnings have sometimes been gained at long odds.

JEDDAH, FORLORN HOPE.

Ten years before Signorinetta's surprise, Jeddah made fortunes for a favoured few at 100 to 1. Even Dick Marsh, the trainer, did not realise the possibilities of this horse, and had pinned all his hopes on the Duke of Devonshire's Dieu-donné.

Jeddah, entered as a forlorn hope, made £5,000 for a London publican who always risks £50 on the Derby. A certain nobleman, who was induced, somewhat against his will, to stake a £100 note, found to his astonishment that he had netted a cool £10,000 by his venture.

Then there was that sensational race when a horse named Sir Hugo snatched the Turf's Blue Riband from La Fleche by a head, a mere matter of inches. The winning odds were 40 to 1.

Those few inches meant to one lucky backer, the sporting son of a Manchester manufacturer, the difference between a loss of £200 and winning £8,000. To relieve his feelings after the race, it is said, he took a cab and ordered it to keep moving—and didn't go home for several days!

It is years, of course, since Henry Chaplin was reported to have won £150,000 by the extraordinary victory of that much-jeered-at colt, Hermit. It is a familiar story how the Derby was run that year in a snowstorm, and how Hermit's success nearly ruined the then Lord Hastings, who had laid heavily against the animal.

Another old-timer who netted big money at Epsom was John Gully, perhaps the most famous prize-fighter Britain ever produced. Born in a village inn, beginning his working life as a butcher, he made

at least half-a-dozen fortunes out of the great Epsom event. For three years in succession his horses were winners, backed for the utmost he could afford.

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MENDICANT EARNINGS.

Despite that setback, he died worth £2,000,000, practically all of which he made out of horses and horse-racing.

Sir Joseph Hawley paid Gully £3,000 for Mendicant, and gained gibes from his

R. A. Kemp on

"Sport of Thrills"

friends. But he gained much more, for Mendicant put £100,000 into his pockets in a single year, and her son, Beadsman, took a Derby from which Sir Joseph made £80,000 in bets.

Mendicant's grandson, Blue Gown, was little fancied by its owner, but when Sir Joseph heard that the public were on the horse to a man, he vowed to give them a run for their money. Blue Gown ran to such good purpose that he gained the Blue Riband and a fortune.

Is it possible to win such big money nowadays?

Mahmoud, who in 1936 beat the record by one-fifth of a minute, was quoted at 100 to 8. The Aga Khan's Blenheim won in 1930 at 18 to 1, and a friend of mine made a vast amount over the victories of Felstead and Trigo at 33 to 1 in two successive years.

Originally laying £100 on Felstead, he staked all his winnings on Trigo the following year, and jubilantly went to the South of France with an extra £108,900 in his credit account.

PROPHETIC "W."

Another racing man remembered a gipsy's warning and made a profit of £3,750 when Windsor Lad won. The famous Gipsy Lee once declared that no horse with a "w" in its name would win the Derby between 1868—the year of Blue Gown's victory—and the year after her death.

In Blue Gown's year, a peer on his way to the races had asked her to name the winner. She wrote down "Blew Gown."

"Time you learned to spell!" said the Peer, and the gipsy, in a fury, made her strange prophecy. It is queer, indeed, but in all those years no horse with a "w" in its name did win the Derby.

I would not have the old times back. When I first went to the Derby, the trip was accomplished by a four-horse brake, and if the sights of the road were interesting, they rapidly palled after the first two hours!

Epsom, too, was far from being an inspiring sight. The numerous drunks, the foot-pads—I once had my watch stolen—and the general racket and disorder, were discredit-able to everyone concerned.

Not that the race has lost its romance. A modern Derby winner, Manna, was bought by a Mr. Morris, who owned no other horses. And everyone laughed at Mr. Irish when it was known that he had to horse in training but Papyrus—until Papyrus romped home! Tips? Popular superstition holds that the Derby is influenced by the figure 8.

Titles of famous Peers associated with the race—Portland, Rosebery, Falmouth—have eight letters. Eight-lettered winners include Surplice, Beadsman, Blue Gown, Ayrshire, Blenheim, Felstead, Hyperion, Coronach and others.

But I always believe that you pay your money and you take your chance.

J. S. Newcombe's
Short odd—But True

The "Ulster Custom" is the right of a yearly tenant in Ulster to remain in occupation so long as a fair rent is paid, to dispose of his tenancy, and to get compensation if the landlord resumes tenancy.

A plan of attack made by the Nazis at Murmansk last year was frustrated by the presence of myriads of mosquitos—a particularly vicious type—in the marshy region across which the Nazis would have to advance.

The nickname of Tommy Atkins for a British private soldier came from a specimen form once issued by the War Office, with the heading, "I, Thomas Atkins," etc.

Best of the Russian snipers are Siberian hunters, who, in the plying of their trade, have to shoot squirrels through the eye to save the skin from harm.

Cologne Cathedral, half as high again as St. Paul's, and built in the 632 years between 1248 and 1880, has a gold shrine containing the reputed bones of the Three Wise Kings of the East in the Nativity story.

Having foretold the Great Plague and the Fire of London, the astrologer Lilly, after these events, was summoned by Parliament to account for his responsibility in these catastrophes.



Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

PART 5

I WAS in London soon after eight that night. I dined at Fryer's Chop House and enjoyed a meal for the first time for two days.

Fryer's is an unpretentious place near South Kensington Station. I stopped there before going to my room for I was cold and hungry.

My meal cheered me. I had a thick steak with fried potatoes, cheese and a couple of glasses of Fryer's special port. I felt a man once more.

At moments during the drive up my faith in Arnold Jervis' confidence had wavered. I had felt that he should have told me more of what he knew and what he suspected. It was all damned fine for Jervis working out a puzzle in his own strange way, but for him it was only a puzzle; for me, if he didn't find the answer it meant—I dared not think about it. But those misgivings had passed. When I got back to-morrow I should be all right; I'd tell him so, and then we'd start to work together and clear up this beastly business.

I beckoned to Charles, the grey-headed waiter, and asked for my bill, complimenting him upon the food. The place was nearly empty and we chatted for a minute or two. Charles had been there for twenty-two years and he prided himself on his memory.

"Never forget a customer's face, sir," he said. "If you wasn't to come in again for ten years, and I be spared, I'd know you at once, sir."

"Marvellous," I commented to please the old boy.

"It would be last Tuesday week you first come in," he went on. "Sat at this same table, you did, had a cut of roast beef underdone and apple pie to follow. Aren't I right, sir?"

"Perfectly," I said. "How on earth do you do it?"

"It's a gift, sir, and a very useful one in this profession." He told me anecdotes of customers whom he had remembered after years of absence, and I let him ramble on until I went.

I PUT my car away. There was no one about I noted, my mind reverting to that alibi I was so anxious to establish, and I turned

WANGLING WORDS—332

1. Put an Egyptian god in CAMEL and make it sweet.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Thaw icestrap oyu chrape.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HOT into TEA and then back again into HOT, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two hidden birds in: He adopted the idea gleefully, and Kenneth rushed off at once.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 331

1. ELEvatoR.
2. The Charge of the Light Brigade.
3. HAVE, hale, hole, HOLD, bold, bald, bale, sale, save, HAVE.
4. Ch-icken, Ham, B-a-con.

BLOOD RED RING

the corner, beginning to worry again.

My front door opened suddenly and a young man came out.

We both exclaimed in surprise, I because my nerves were on edge and he because he was hurrying and banged right into me. He made a quick apology and murmured something about being in a devil of a hurry and rushed by to a waiting car a few yards away. I watched him, a slim loose limbed fellow with a neat fair moustache, an Australian. Then I climbed three flights of stairs to my room.

I am a man of tidy mind and methodical habits and when I had turned on the fire I began at once to unpack my bag. Then suddenly my thoughts passed from my mind. There was something unusual about my bag. It took a second or two to realise

what. I am old-maidish in my ways of packing. A moment later I knew what had happened; someone had been through my bag.

I hurled its contents on to the bed anyhow. Nothing had been taken so far as I could see. But there was no doubting, someone had rummaged it.

It could only have happened when I was eating. I had left the car for fully an hour. My eyes fixed presently upon a half-open drawer.

Again it took a few seconds to appreciate what that meant. But suspicion came soon enough. I strode across to the drawer and suspicion was confirmed. Someone had been through that drawer. I opened another; that too had been searched.

My first reaction was one of anger. I made for the service telephone to summon the housekeeper. Then I hesitated. To call the housekeeper would mean bringing in the police.

Presently I found myself sitting in a chair thinking in maddening circles. It couldn't have been Mace, commonsense told me. The police wouldn't act like that. Yet I found it hard to listen to commonsense. Who other than the police could want to search my belongings? Again I came back to the questions, what did they want to find?

It was only after some minutes of fruitless surmise that I remembered my uncle's papers. Some of them had been stolen. Had not Arnold Jervis been keeping something from me when he had said that he would not report that theft to the police? Had he known all the time that the police themselves had taken the papers, and just told me a tale to reassure me? The police, the police, always that degrading cold numbing fear of the police.

POLLARD the general factotum answered my ring. When he arrived I saw surprise

in his eyes at the litter my room was in, with drawers pulled open and clothes thrown haphazard on the bed.

I said: "It's all right, Pollard, I'm just going to pack; I'm going down to the country to-morrow. You might ask Mrs. Wilford to let me have my bill."

"Certainly, sir," Pollard said placing the syphon on the table. "I'm sorry you're going, sir," then in a sepulchral tone, "It would be this bad business down at Oldford I've been reading about, I suppose. A very unpleasant affair all round, if I may say so, sir."

"You read the verdict?" I queried sharply. Pollard nodded.

"Well, that's all there is to it, so far as I can see."

"Indeed, sir. And these papers making all that to do about the poor gentleman being attacked. Well, well—you don't know what to believe."

Obviously Pollard was disappointed, as obviously he did not entirely believe me. But I didn't care a damn whether he did or didn't. I wanted some information out of him.

"Did a Mr. Edwards—" I chose the name at random "enquire for me while I was away?" I asked.

"Not as I know, sir. But there'd be a chit if he did." He took a paper, which I had not noticed, from the table and scanned it. "No, sir; there's only this telephone call."

Pollard passed me a phone call memo. I read that at four o'clock that afternoon someone had rung me. He had given no name and said he would ring to-morrow.

"A gentleman, it was; I took the call myself," Pollard said. "Wouldn't leave no name; said it didn't matter and I wasn't to bother to tell you. But we always do, sir, it's a rule of the house."

"What did he want?" I demanded.

"Didn't say, sir, except to ask if you was expected back to-night. I said I didn't think so, you having told Mrs. Wilford you'd be away for a day or two."

"Of course. Did he—er—stutter slightly?" I asked, that I might get some description of the man's voice at any rate. "My friend Mr. Edwards has a slight stammer."

Pollard shook his head. "Not that I recall," he answered. "A pleasant spoken gentleman with a bit of a twang, if you know what I mean."

I did in a flash; or thought I did. My mind went instantly to the man who had rushed past me on the steps barely ten minutes before.

"That sounds like Mr. Edwards," I said. "He's an Australian."

"Indeed, sir," Pollard said politely "I'll drop him a line and give

him my country address. House full, Pollard?"

"Very fairly, sir. The ground floor back's vacant, and, of course, there'll be yours. But we had a new gentleman in to-night. He's taken the third floor slip for the week-end." I started, for the third floor slip adjoined my room. "Just passing through on his way from Paris, he said," Pollard went on.

I took a chance. "Would that be the fair young man I met as I came in just now?" I asked, adding "Pollard, dig my bottle of whisky and a glass out of the cupboard and mix me a drink, will you. I'm lazy. Bring two glasses and have one yourself."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure," Pollard said moving with alacrity to the cupboard. "Yes, I expect that would be the gentleman. Tall and thin. Come to think of it, speaks rather like your friend."

"Does he?" I put in with affected indifference. "He seemed in a devil of a hurry when I saw him, that's all I know."

"He would be, sir. He said he was late for an appointment when I showed him the room. Said he'd just time for a wash and tidy up. Name of Yates. Thank you, sir."

My own opinion was that Yates wasn't coming back at all, but I had determined to have a look at his room.

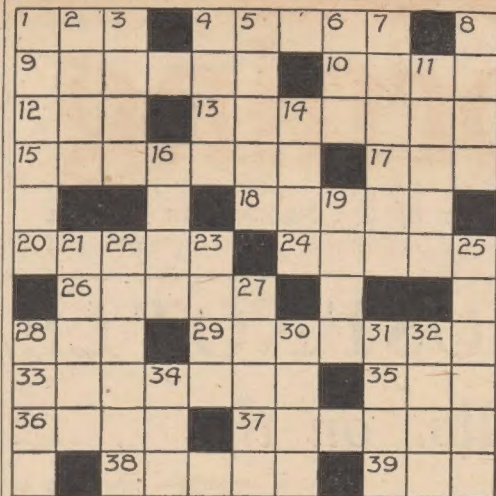
I DIDN'T wait. Tiptoeing on to the landing a few seconds after Pollard had gone I listened till I heard the bang of the door that indicated that he had descended to his basement quarters then I went boldly to the little dressing-room they called the "slip," next to mine.

For some moments I stood by the half-open door, with my hand on the electric light switch, ready instantly to extinguish the light should I hear anybody coming upstairs, and I surveyed the room.

Mr. Yates had had his "wash" obviously. A used towel was flung carelessly on a chair, otherwise there were few signs of occupation. Mr. Yates had not unpacked and his baggage was scanty. It consisted of one new and cheap-looking suitcase on the stand at the foot of the bed.

Presently I advanced into the room, my ears strained for possible interruption. I opened the wardrobe: it was empty. So were the drawers. There were some cigarette ends and matches in the fireplace and an empty carton in the wastepaper basket. I lifted the suitcase; it was heavy, unusually heavy. Then I tried its catch. It was locked. Again I lifted the case and a sort of grating sound came from its interior, familiar in a way yet I could not place it. As I stood wondering, my eye was attracted by a thin piece of string attached to one of the rings of the handle. Subconsciously I pulled at it and a small red label

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fruit.
- 4 English county.
- 9 Hang about.
- 10 Take in.
- 12 Bird.
- 13 Generous.
- 15 Good specimen.
- 17 Total.
- 18 Flat-fish.
- 20 Garden plant.
- 24 Extend.
- 26 Province of S. Africa.
- 28 Rush along.
- 29 Bale.
- 33 Common appliance.
- 35 Young person.
- 36 Cow-house.
- 37 Crease.
- 38 Vegetable.
- 39 Heavy.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Of blooms.
- 2 One of U.S.A.
- 3 Gold-covered.
- 4 Dispose of.
- 5 Sign of Zodiac.
- 6 Poem.
- 7 Wrinkled.
- 8 Tiller.
- 11 Wait.
- 14 Top of hill.
- 16 Taunt.
- 19 Connect.
- 21 One.
- 22 Documents.
- 23 Dozes.
- 25 Required.
- 27 Scotch landowner.
- 28 Gem.
- 30 Guiding fact.
- 31 Mountains.
- 32 Festival.
- 34 Fresh.

E BOREDOM S
PREDOMINANT
HARDY PUPAE
EKES J SLIP
MET ROW ELM
E AUGER O
RESIN DIVOT
OVAL R GASH
NIB COO LIE
SCREWDRIVER
TEXT BEER

that had got tucked in under the lid of the case appeared.

It was a price label, and bore the letters RN/T, which would be some shopkeeper's code for the price of the case. That confirmed my opinion. This man Yates had just bought a cheap suitcase that he might not arrive without luggage. What he had filled it with I could not guess.

I turned the label over, but the other side was blank. Anyhow I detached it.

There seemed nothing more to be discovered but, as I turned to go, my eye did catch something else. There was a gold ring on the ledge of the fixed wash basin, partly hidden behind a cake of soap. I seized it avidly. I was excited and off my guard, and had not heard someone coming up the stairs.

When I did I thrust the ring into my pocket, dashed for the door, switched off the light and slid out on to the dimly lit landing. There was no chance to get back to my room unheard so I went boldly down the stairs as if making for the bathroom on the floor below. On the half-landing I met Pollard.

"Hallo, Pollard," I said lightly. "What are you doing up here again?"

"That Mr. Yates," he answered, panting slightly. "Just rung up to say he's lost his ring somewhere and will I have a look and see if he left it in his bedroom. He's sending a messenger round for it. In a bit of a hurry, if you ask me."

"Doesn't want to lose it, I expect," I said, casually I hope, though I felt my heart beating harder. I went into the bathroom.

Locked in there I examined the ring carefully. It was an old-fashioned signet with a crest of some kind cut in a blood-stone. I am no herald, and so far as I could see it looked like a buckle or a horseshoe held in a bird's claw. What to do with it I had to decide pretty quickly and a

wild idea came to me. When I went upstairs Yates' door was open and Pollard was on his hands and knees searching.

"Found it?" I called to him. "No, sir." He struck a match and peered beneath the bed.

I went in, chaffing him about his agility and slipped the ring back where I had found it.

Presently he rose from his knees grumbling: "It ain't here or if it is he can come and look for it himself."

"You're a bad looker, Pollard," I laughed. "What's that behind the soap?"

"Well, I'll be damned, sir," he said in disgust. "And I'll take my oath I looked there first of all. It just shows how easy it is to miss a thing."

I made some fatuous remark as I went out.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A loxia is another name for a poultice, high wind, wry-neck, bluebell, signal lamp, stethoscope?
2. Who wrote (a) Barchester Towers, (b) Hatter's Castle?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cuba, Newfoundland, Anglesey, Cyprus, Wales, Iceland, Lundy.
4. At what age did Paderewski begin to play the piano?
5. Of what was Moses's cradle made?
6. Whose soul goes marching on?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Guerrilla, Gazette, Grouse, Gorgonzola, Guarantee, Guage, Glorify.
8. With what meats do we eat red currant jelly?
9. Who was blacksmith to the gods?
10. What English county has a white horse for its emblem?
11. Is Japan a monarchy or a republic?
12. Give four English words ending in "-erity."

Answers to Quiz in No. 388

1. Lazy man.
2. (a) Anatole France, (b) T. E. Lawrence.
3. Popeye is not a Disney character; others are.
4. Yes.
5. Tossing the caber.
6. 2.25.
7. Liquefy, Liaison.
8. 16.
9. W. F. Cody.
10. Jack Cornwall, decorated for services at Jutland.
11. A raven.
12. Echo, Tomato, Banjo, Potato, Also, etc.

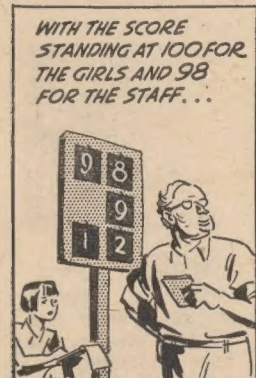
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



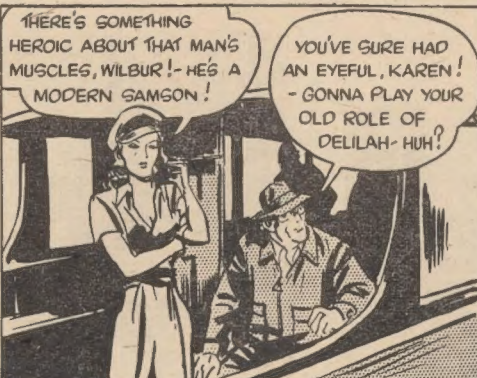
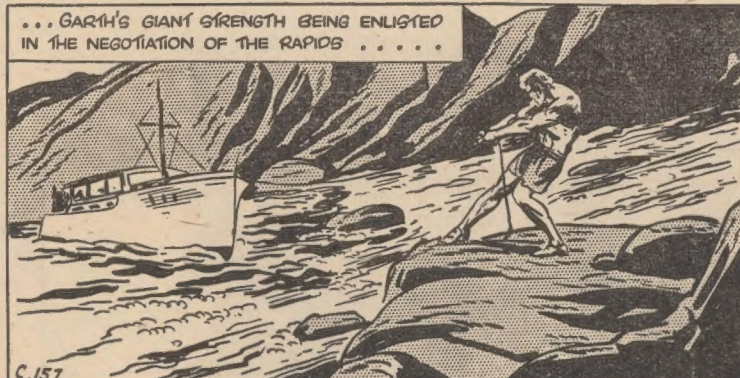
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I WENT out recently to investigate a cinema problem—the problem of the children who get in for nothing through the exit doors.

Norman Hart (solicitor for the cinemas) and Scotland Yard solicitors have had their heads together trying to find some change that the cinemas can prefer against the kids who prefer to spend the ninepence father gave them on a fish-and-chips supper and walk into the cinema free.

But they can't find any charge. According to the law, the exit doors are for letting people out. But the law doesn't say anything about people getting in that way. It just isn't a criminal act.

I spent an evening walking in and out of London's cinemas this way. My first call was in Hammersmith. It was simple.

The doors were still open from the last performance, and I walked through the auditorium and out again. Nobody said a word.

My next experiment was in King's Cross. Here all the exit doors were closed. One of them, however, yielded to a light push, and I passed through curtains into the darkness. In South London, I found a queue of three boys waiting for the exit doors to open. The cinema was in the Old Kent Road, and the boys regarded me with open suspicion.

The leader, a lad of about eleven, asked frankly, "Going in?" "Probably," I replied. The doors opened and all four went in together.

In the West End it was more difficult. Cinema staffs were bigger, and there was a burly commissioner on duty at most cinema exits. But even so, unless the gatecrasher is confronted by a Customs and Excise official with a charge of evading entertainment tax, no action can be taken.

On the evening I made my tour, "The Un-invited" was the feature film at most London cinemas.



THE first haystack ever built in Trafalgar Square was burned down a week after its completion. The stack was to have been a recruiting station for Londoners volunteering to spend their holidays on farm work—but someone threw away a burning cigarette end at eleven o'clock one night.



Crackling flames shot up forty feet and crowds gathered as clouds of smoke filled the square. The "Ouzlem bird"—the sign of the thatchers who made it—which was perched on the top, was the only casualty.



SAW the first bus built by women the other day. It was just off the lines of a Northumberland factory.

Former clerks, shop assistants and housewives—about thirty girls in all—have been working on the line for about a month.

Soon they hope to see the finished article—a utility double-decker—leave the works, bound for service, in the industrial town of Tynemouth.

Youngest of the team is eighteen-year-old Alice Turton. She finds assembling bus bodies a change from her old job in a drapery store, but she goes to it with the best of 'em.

Then there are two young sisters, Mrs. Renee Brown and Mrs. Emma Tiffen, who have both been widowed since the war.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**



KID—OLOGY



"Now you **MUST** really grasp this, or I can assure you your dolls will beat you to it."

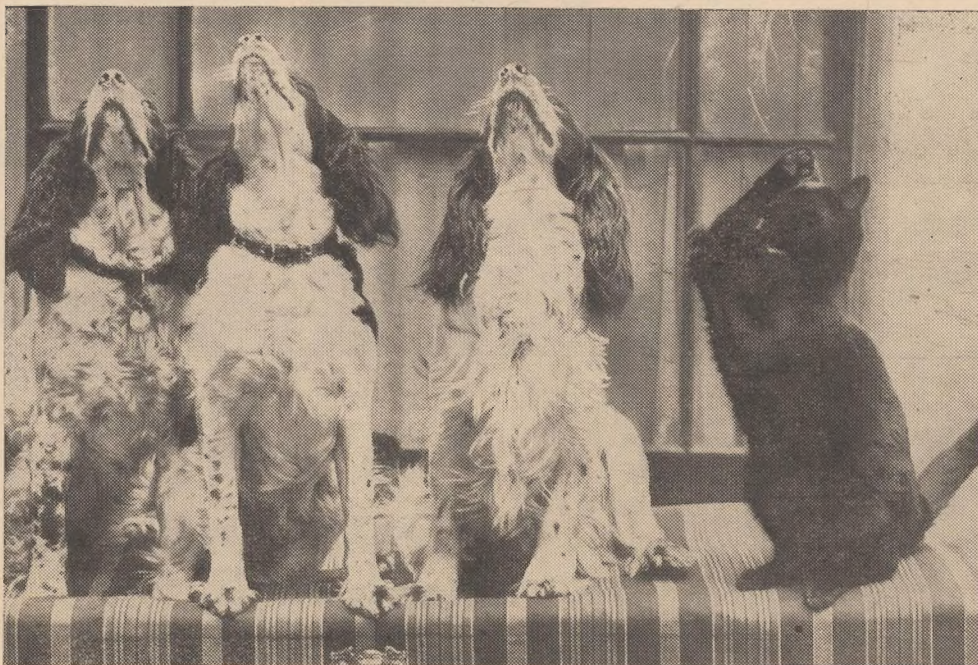


This England

The old smithy under the magnificent spreading chestnut tree at Figheldean, Wiltshire.



Shore version of the "beachcomber." There's not a thing which he does not consider good enough to collect, and find a possible market for.



HEADS . . . SHE WINS

On the command of the cat, three springer spaniels "Spring to it!"



Cute, curvaceous Carole Landis, 20th-century-Fox star, one of the "Four Jills in a Jeep," can claim the distinction of being the only gal whose sigh has been heard right round the world.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What I call a head-strong child."

